

## Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

(Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Company, The New York World.)

By Roy L. McCardell.

She Has to Make Another Journey with Him Because He Would Not Be Happy Unless He Had That Poor Soul with Him to Pester and Torment!

"WELL didn't you say you were going to St. Louis, Mr. Nagg?"

"You told me two weeks ago, you say?"

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, how can you stand before me and say such a thing as that? You told me you might go. Those were your very words: You might go."

"I can't depend on you to be of the same mind from one day to another. It is no wonder my poor head is in a whirl. Mrs. Terwilliger was just saying to me this day: 'How do you stand it, Mr. Nagg?'"

"I know you hate to have a friend call to see me and cheer me up and give me comfort, like Mrs. Terwilliger does. She was here for two hours and she did not do anything the whole time but tell me how I looked and that she felt sure I was going into a decline and that I must go somewhere for a little change and rest."

"But what's the use to tell you about it? You would not take me anywhere. You never think I need a change or a rest. You would never think of suggesting that we should go somewhere on a little trip."

"What do I say about going to St. Louis? How can I say anything when you burst it out of a sudden to me?"

"You know I am not ready to go. You hardly said a word to me about it and I haven't a thing ready."

"Mrs. Smith, the dressmaker, is so busy these days that she could only give me two weeks and I have hardly a thing ready."

"We can wait and go next week, you say?"

"I might have known you would throw cold water on my happy thoughts of seeing the World's Fair. You took me to the Chicago Fair, didn't you? No, you did not! Don't attempt to deny it."

"We did not know each other then, you say?"

"Ah, I grant that. But the principle is the same. Just the other day, you were speaking about the Chicago Fair and said, 'I wish you could have been there with me, and your tone was so sarcastic I knew there was an insult somewhere. I cannot make out what you meant, for you are too deep for a simple-minded, unsuspicious person like me, but you meant something cruel and sarcastic by it, I know.'"

"Cheer up, you say?"

"Why should I cheer up? I have nothing to live for. You never think of me or try to give me any pleasure or take me anywhere."

"You know you don't. I would not care for that. I could stand ill-treatment and abuse, Mr. Nagg, if you were not all the time in a sullen state of temper."

"Don't I do everything to please you? Do I ever say a word to you? Am I not always pleased when you by any chance show me a little attention?"

"Do not smile. It is useless to at-

tempt to soothe the wounds you have inflicted."

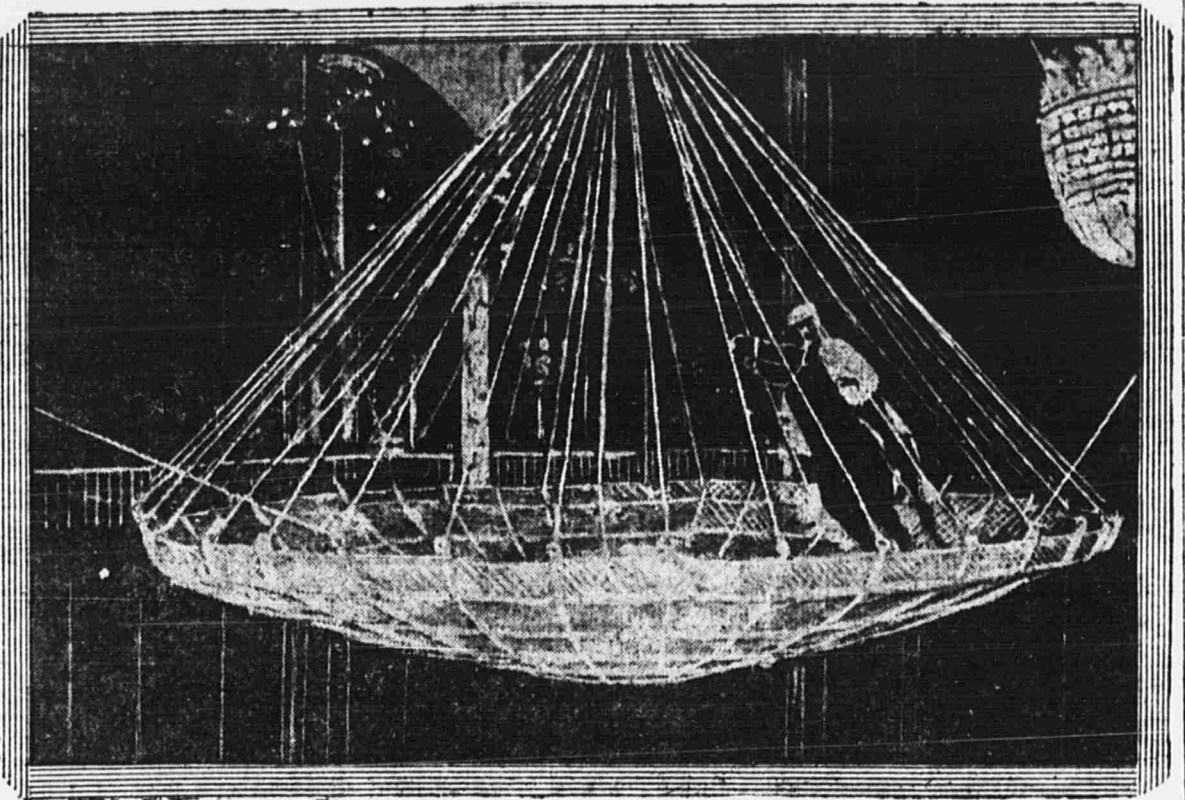
"There, see how you frown! Why do you frown? Why don't you be light-hearted and merry for once in your life?"

"You know I was so happy at the thought of going to St. Louis, you know I had everything packed and ready to go, and now I see you do not want to go."

"Do not interrupt me, please! Let me say one little word. It is not often that I speak on such things, but am I not right? Are you not sullen and silent now?"

"Don't interrupt me, don't try to excite yourself. See, it is just as I said. 'All right, I will go to St. Louis, but I know I will be unhappy!'"

## The Circle of Death.



An Extraordinary Music-Hall "Turn" in Paris.

Paris's newest offering to the tastes of that percentage of the public which delights in paying to see how nearly a man may approach the gates of death without actually passing through those portals, is known by the highly possessing title of "The Whirl of Death."

It consists of an apparatus built on the same plan as the familiar "Cycle Wheel." This is suspended from the ceiling of a music hall by stout ropes

and hangs perhaps forty feet above the floor. The center of the apparatus is open, thus forming a sort of bottomless basket, whose sides slope upward at a sharp but mathematical angle toward the supporting ropes.

A man and horse enter the basket before it is raised from the ground. The man mounts and rides at a furious rate about the narrow circle as the whole apparatus is raised toward the ceiling. While the "whirl" hangs in

mid-air far above the heads of the audience the rider continues to gallop about the narrow circle, between the ropes and the large open space at the bottom.

A misstep, a stumble or other accident on the part of the horse would infallibly cause both the animal and its rider to fall through the aperture to the floor far below.

## Prison Bars Or a Woman's Sacrifice

By FREDERICK A. BROWN

A Story of Crime and Adventure in New York, Adapted by the Author from His Successful Play of the Same Title.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

A house party is assembling at Arthur Mason's Long Island country home. Alice Mason, the hostess, is a young wife, a dapper fortune teller that she will soon be a widow.

George Howard, an old friend of Mason's, comes to the party. He has long ago deserted by a false marriage and whom he has been seeking to make a fortune.

Mason learns of the affair. Howard hires a man named Gypsy Dan to follow Alice. The Gypsy makes a mistake and steals Kitty Howard. Alice, thinking her husband is the murderer, decides that she has committed the crime.

## CHAPTER V.

**TWO AMATEUR DETECTIVES.**

MURKY, unwholesome odor, common to unoccupied garrets, greeted Tommy and Jack as they cautiously opened a creaky door and peeped into an old ramshackle room in a dilapidated building just back of the North River. The building, long since condemned and no longer of any practical use, had for some time been the rendezvous as well as the refuge of a choice collection of dock rats, sneak thieves and other riff-raff of the lower west side.

Erected in the early days of the last century the building contained several secret doors and masked passageways, which still further enhanced its value in the eyes of the light-fingered fraternity. More than once a fugitive from justice had been chased hither by the police and had apparently vanished from off the earth before his pursuers' very eyes.

Into the main room of this choice haven of refuge the two collegians stealthily advanced. Tommy Wilson carried a lantern, and they began exploring the place.

"Well," remarked Jack Williams, cheerfully, "here we are at last, and a pretty time we had in getting here."

"I hope this is the place," replied Tommy, ruefully. "It cost me \$20 for drinks in that last dive to have it tipped off to me. There is no one here yet, at all events."

"Just the same," replied Jack. "It is fortunate we telephoned Police Headquarters."

"That's all right, but don't let's wait for the police. Let's examine the exits," and he began prowling about the dusty apartment. "We may have use for some of these exits in a hurry. I wonder if there are any fire-escapes."

"Here is the very thing," cried Jack, who had been exploring on his own account and was now leaning out of the sashless window. "A telegraph pole not five feet off. I have made a better jump than that many a time. If there is trouble, all we have to do is to make the leap, shin down the pole and take to our heels. Good! That puts us on Easy street!"

"I hope to-night's adventure may cast some light on all this tragedy. I cannot help thinking of poor Alice Mason. Though she was sentenced to life imprisonment on her own confession that she shot George Howard I would stake my life that she is not guilty."

"Well," rejoined Jack, "we have staked our lives on the task of establishing her innocence. Say, read Kitty's letter again, so we can get our bearings."

Tommy produced a dirty scrap of paper from his waistcoat pocket, held it up to the lantern and read aloud: "72 am under lock and key in an old

dismal house, just back of Barrow street, No. 1. It is a place evidently frequented by Gypsies and thieves. If you love me as you have said you do, save me. I wish you had been a little more explicit, but this seems to be the place all right."

"I wish you had been a little more explicit," said Tommy. "If this should be the place and get suspicious of us we can pretend to be thieves looking for a hiding place, with the police hot on our trail for a series of daring crimes and all that sort of thing. That ought to win us a cordial reception."

"Good idea, but I wish we were a little better posted on such matters. We are liable to make a break of some sort."

But Tommy had already taken a newspaper from a pocket and was glancing hurriedly over its columns.

"Listen," he exclaimed at last. "This seems to fit my case, all right. The various rewards offered for the bank robber and desperado known as the Romany Kid now amount to nearly ten thousand dollars. The police are somewhat deterred in their search by the lack of an accurate description of this adroit crook. All that is known of his

appearance is that he is under-sized, boyish in appearance and has red hair. I'll fill the bill. The Romany Kid for mine."

Jack, who had been groping about in semi-darkness, now stumbled against a ladder. "This must lead somewhere," he muttered. "I will climb it. And he pulled the action to the word."

"What do you find?" called Tommy from below.

"Empty room!" cried Jack from above, flashing his lantern around. "Window facing the same telegraph pole."

"Look out!" whispered Tommy suddenly. "I hear a noise."

"Come up here," called Jack, and Tommy quickly obeyed. "Just in time," he whispered, as voices were heard outside. "Hurry, they are after me. I think they trailed me here. Be quick, won't you? Hurry, I'll make good. There's enough cash here for us both," and he indicated the big sack of money, which he had hidden in the room, quickly kicked aside a broken chair and a table, and from the

scripture of a heavy sack he carried, staggered in and closed the door after him.

"The cops," he panted in reply to an unspoken query of Dan's. "They are after me. I think they trailed me here. Be quick, won't you? Hurry, I'll make good. There's enough cash here for us both," and he indicated the big sack of money, which he had hidden in the room, quickly kicked aside a broken chair and a table, and from the

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## The Wanamaker Store

Store Closes at 5.30 P. M.

Tomorrow Begins

## The GREAT WHITE SALE At WANAMAKER'S

On the First of June, when thousands of women are getting ready to go away for the Summer, and when hundreds of brides are preparing trousseaux, comes the greatest economy time for the buying of Lingerie and other kindred garments for women.

This important event is announced for tomorrow.

Spice-span-new, beautiful and sanitary Muslin Underwear for women and children—garments in white, and the kindred garments in colored washable materials, will be offered at far below the regular prices—even with cotton selling far higher than in the past. But this semi-annual movement was prepared for long ago.

The detailed story is not ready today. You'll find it told quite fully in the New York morning papers, tomorrow—and it will be well worth watching for.

## JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly A. T. Stewart &amp; Co., Broadway, 4th ave., 9th and 10th sts.



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When nature has house-cleaning to do—the trees and plants to bathe, city streets to wash and cleanse—she soaks them in soft water—mind you, soft water! Rain water! Now, that is the point! BORAX turns hard city water into rain water—makes it soft.

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The famous "AMERICAN GIRL" PICTURES FREE to purchasers of 20-MULE-TEAM BRAND. At Drugists' and Grocers' in 1, 1/2, and 2 lb. packages.

20-Mule Team—Our Trade Mark

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**WM. COLLIER THE DICTATOR** Savoy 34th St. 5th Av. 125th St. 58th St.

**JOHNSTOWN FLOOD CONEY ISLAND.**

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**MUSICAL "PIFF, PAFF, POUFF!"** 34th St. 5th Av. 125th St. 58th St.

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## HEARN

West Fourteenth Street

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Some Reasons for Success of our Sales!

FIRST....Great quantities offered—specials not sold out in a day—customers who cannot get here first day, and as good value as those who come at once.

SECOND....Great number of specials—not one or two, but out prices on all qualities.

If you want to see what great assortments are like you must visit our Underwear and Infants' Departments.....You'll save time, patience and much money by coming here for anything needed in Underwear or Babies' Clothes—especially during this June sale.

## MORNING SALES

To-morrow Until 1 P. M.

Our morning specials are worth a journey of many miles.

To prevent dealers buying quantities, we reserve privilege of limiting purchases.

## Mercerized Plaid and Dotted Zephyrs.

Silky luster, fast color, wash beautifully—nothing more desirable for Women's Costumes, Children's Dresses and Boys' Russian Suits—Rose, Steel, Champagne. Made to sell at 19 cents..... They may last until one o'clock, but we do not promise. Beautiful goods—absolutely low in price. (One day only.)

BASEMENT.

## Irish Point Curtains.